

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, December 17, 1803.

[No. 53]

De Valcour and Bertha:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

But while he measur'd o'er life's painful race,
In Fortune's wild inimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new disasters every moment grow,
Marking each change of scene with change of woe.

FALCONER.

THE inhabitants of the Castle di Montalpine had retired to their respective apartments, ere the ponderous bell tolled the midnight hour. Bertha counted the heavy lengthened notes, and then, with palpitating heart, stole from her chamber; first ascertaining, that her attendant, Rosa, was in a profound sleep. Anxious to meet her expecting husband, she descended the spiral stair-case with a light and cautious step, unfastened the postern gate, and entered the wood. Looking back over the gloomy pile she had passed, she had the satisfaction to find that every light was extinguished within the castle. The moon emerged from her obscurity with splendor, and lighted the agitated Bertha on her way to the hovel where De Valcour awaited her.

You must be almost frozen in this place, said Bertha. I am already shivering: I have a comfortable fire in my apartment, you may safely venture. De Valcour threw his arm round her waist, and accompanied her back to the castle. As they passed the grand portal, a gleam of light shone through one of the upper casements. Bertha started. I thought all were in repose for the night. That gallery leads to my father's apartment; what can induce any one to go thither at this hour? The bell at that moment struck one, and the light was extinguished. Bertha smiled, and endeavored to seem gay, thereby to re-assure her lover, who would have returned to his miserable hovel, rather than expose her to the risk of detection. We have nothing to fear, cried she, with increasing cheerfulness. The Baronness is indisposed, and sleeps in a distant apartment: perhaps my father has been to enquire how she is. At any rate, that suite of rooms is so remote from those I occupy, that we need feel no alarm.

She had scarcely spoken, when a shadow passed along the wall which both distinctly perceived; though uncertain whether it was that of man or woman. They halted in breathless trepidation. De Valcour put his hand upon his sword; but a motion from Bertha checked his impetuosity, as she pointed to the tall trees on the other side of their path, where the shade slowly glided in a distant avenue, and then

totally disappeared. The moon-beams now fell full upon the face of Bertha: her cheek was pale with terror, her lip quivered, and her icy hand fell motionless by her side. Bertha, my love, look up, cried the agonized youth: strive against this weakness. A moment's delay now may prove our ruin. Let me leave you in security, before I go to explore this mystery! Leave me Julian! exclaimed Bertha: ah, could you leave me in this dreadful state of alarm? rather let us brave our fate. I shall die of terror, if you abandon me now. They had by this time reached Bertha's apartment: the lamp was burning on the table: Rosa still slept soundly; and the cheerful fire blazing in the chimney, revived their sinking spirits, enabling them to discourse tranquilly of their present situation and future prospects.

I fear, Julian, we have done very wrong, said Bertha, dejectedly, in marrying without my father's consent.—Should I never succeed in removing his cruel prejudices, not even your love will preserve me from wretchedness. Hope, and your ardent assurances, may flatter my senses, but reason chills my glowing fancy with the recollection of my disobedience.

Call not our conduct by so harsh a name, my lovely bride, said Julian, pressing her to his heart, Surely, in the sight of Heaven, you are not diso-

THE VISITOR,

bedient. Your father encouraged and sanctioned our love. He took me an orphan into his protection; gratitude to him, and love for his beauteous daughter, were the first sensations which gave value to my existence. He beheld our affection with apparent delight.

You have often promised to tell me your story, Julian. Suppose you amuse me with it now: it will serve to beguile us from melancholy thoughts.

The recital will poorly repay your curiosity, Bertha: your affection for me can alone render it interesting. A slight recollection remains in my mind of a venerable looking woman, whom I used to call mother. Our habitation was indifferently furnished; yet we enjoyed all the comforts, and sometimes the luxuries, of life. The transactions of one day, as the most important in my little history, is also the freshest in my memory.

My mother had desired me to amuse myself with toys till she returned from market, and on no account to stir from the bed on which she placed me. She had not been gone many minutes, when two strange-looking men entered: one of them caught me in his arms; and when I endeavored to cry out, stifled my cries, by grasping my throat brutally: the other opened every drawer and closet, uttering exclamations which I did not understand; and at length having concluded his search, covered me with his cloak, and carried me away in his arms. My little frame was convulsed with agony, and his threats alone made me stifle my fears. He had placed me before him on a horse, which fled with great swiftness. The unusual fatigue rendered me almost insensible.

The man who carried me, often spoke to his companion in a complaining tone, which the other answered with reproaches. A fierce quarrel ensued. At length I distinguished the following words in rotation, which was the only part of their conversation I understood. Place the brat on the ground, and let us settle this dispute at the sword's point. The Chevalier shall see who serves him best. I want not to fight, replied the other sullenly: I only wish the reward to be shared equally. While they were debating, a party of horsemen approached: the villains appeared dismayed. It would be useless to return, said one

of them; we should be overtaken: let us hide the boy; and let us give them battle. He immediately dismounted; and placed me behind a hedge, applied a whistle to his lips, the sound of which echoed through the forest; and soon a fresh party of horsemen appeared. He then threw a parcel of papers into my lap. Take care of these, said he, and keep yourself concealed till I come to you. By this time a brisk firing was commenced: the sound terrified me, and I vainly tried to shield my ears from the dreadful noise. Disregarding his injunctions, I ran with all my strength from the spot where death seemed to menace me. What few papers my little hands could grasp, I still held fast, nor stopped till, exhausted with fatigue and terror, I sunk down in a public road. It was there I was found by your father, who, passing with his domestics, formed the benevolent design of protecting me, in compassion for my wretched helpless state. But the papers, said Bertha: what did they contain? They were letters without any signature. Here they are. Bertha took them, and in the first read these words:

"Good Maud, be careful of our dear Julian. Every supply necessary for your pleasures and comfort shall be punctually remitted: he must as yet remain with you; but be cautious, as usual; for should he be discovered, his life will be the forfeit. This will be delivered by a trusty messenger, by whom you may send word if you have any wants or wishes ungratified."

The second ran thus:

"Fernando, you must set out directly. I cannot join the party to-night: but I can depend on your punctuality. Leon may attend you. Tell Maud to resign her charge immediately into your hands; but be careful not to delay an unnecessary moment. Should she refuse, force must settle the business."

This mystery is impenetrable, said Bertha, and conjecture is bewildered. It is indeed, replied Julian, for it seems by the contents of those letters, that my life depends on secrecy; and to the baron only have I revealed the events I have just related. His kindness has hitherto prevented my feeling the want of parental love. But now, Bertha, how changed are my prospects! Fatal to us was the hour in which he

first beheld the beauteous, the haughty Valeria: she first taught him to treat my humble suit with disdain: for the baron, strictly honorable, has never acquainted her with my real story, my being poor and obscure are sufficient crimes in her eyes. Our love was then forbidden. *Caprice*, not justice, dictated the mandate, which turned me a friendless wanderer from the hitherto hospitable Castle di Montalpine. Disdaining this unmerited ignominy, we dared to ratify our vows of love, by holy, though secret union; and surely, my Bertha, no sin attends on the transgression. Cruel necessity alone compelled us to do it; and though awhile we part, heaven will prosper virtuous affection, and crown our re-union with peace and honor.

Bertha shook her head prophetically: a tear stole down her cheek. A heavy apprehension at my heart, said she, tells me it is far distant. Your profession is full of danger; you may fall: or should my father not live, to retract his fatal prohibition—Oh, Julian, a thousand dreadful suggestions fill my fancy. Forgive my fears, and do not doubt my affection: but, indeed, I am very wretched.—She leaned her head on his shoulder, and wept bitterly. De Valcour would have consoled her; but a deep groan caught his attention; and Bertha, too, started at the sound. Heaven protect us, she exclaimed; what was that? Nothing, but the wind, said Julian, forcing a smile. Your nerves are weak, and you yield yourself a prey to superstition. Come, come, rally; you would make a coward of a soldier. See how the clouds gather; we shall have a tempest: believe me it was only the wind. Well, then, said Bertha, you had better return to the abbey. I will awaken Rosa; her prattle will divert me. Go, go. He plainly perceived that she was fearful of his being discovered in the castle; and, to quiet her, departed.

As soon as he was beyond hearing, and her listening ear counted every retreating step, Bertha roused her domestic. The thunder rattled in tremendous peals round the castle; and the vivid lightning gleamed in through every crevice of the dilapidated building. Rosa was even more terrified than her mistress, and clung round her for protection.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF WRITING PENS.

From Beckmann's History of Inventions.

AMONGST the ancient Greeks and Romans, it was the custom to write upon tables or tablets covered with wax, and hence they were obliged to use a style or bodkin made of bone, metal or some other hard substance; but when writing with colored liquids was introduced, a reed was first employed, and afterwards quills or feathers.

The most beautiful reeds of those used for writing, grew formerly in Egypt, near Cnidus, a city and district of the province of Caria in Asia Minor, and likewise in Armenia and Italy. Though Pliny seems to have considered those which grew in the last mentioned country, as too soft and spongy.

Chardin speaks of the reeds which grow in the marshes of Persia, and which are sold, and much sought after, in the Levant, particularly for writing. "Their writing pens," he says, "are made of reeds or small hard canes, of the size of the largest swan-quills, which they cut and slit in the same manner we do ours; but they give them a much longer nib. These canes or reeds are collected toward Daurac along the Persian gulph, in a large fen supplied with water by the river Helle, a place of Arabia, formed by an arm of the Tigris and another of the Euphrates united. They are cut in March, and when gathered, are tied up in bundles, and laid for six months under a dunghill, where they harden and assume a beautiful polish and lively color, which is a mixture of yellow and black. None of these reeds are collected in any other place. As they make the best writing pens, they are transported through the whole East. Some of them grow in India, but they are softer, and of a pale yellow color. Tournefort, who saw them collected in the neighborhood of Teflis, the capital of Georgia, though his description of them is far from complete, has taught us more than any of his predecessors. We learn from his account that this reed has small leaves; that it rises only to the height of a man; and that it is not hollow, but filled with a soft spongy substance. He has characterised it, therefore, in the following manner in his system of Botany: "*Arundo orientalis, tenuifolia caule pleno, ex qua Turca calamos parant.*" It is probable that

the pith dries and becomes shrunk, especially after the preparation described by Chardin, so that the reed can be easily freed from it, in the same manner as the mallow substance in writing-quills is removed from them when clarified.

These reeds were split and formed to a point like our quills; but certainly it was not possible to make so clean and fine strokes, and to write so long and so conveniently with them as one can with quills. The use of them, however, was not entirely abandoned when people began to write with quills, which, in every country, can be procured from an animal extremely useful in many other respects. Had the ancients been acquainted with the art of employing goose-quills for this purpose, they would undoubtedly have dedicated to Minerva, not the owl, but the goose.

If we can give credit to the anonymous author of the History of Constantius, extracts from which have been made known by Adrian, the use of quills for writing is as old as the 5th century. We are informed by this author, who lived in the above century, that Theodoric, king of the ostrogoths, was so illiterate and stupid, that during the ten years of his reign, he was not able to learn to write four letters, at the bottom of his edicts. For this reason, the four letters were cut for him in a plate of gold; and the plate being laid upon paper, he then traced out the letters with a quill. This account is at any rate, not improbable; for history supplies us with more instances of such men, not destined for the throne by nature, but raised to it either by hereditary right or by accident, who had neither abilities nor inclination for those studies which it requires. The western empire was governed, almost about the time of Theodoric, by the emperor Justin, who also could not write, and who used, in the like manner, a piece of wood, having letters cut in it, but with this difference, that in tracing them out, he caused his hand to be guided by one of his secretaries.

The oldest certain account however, known at present, respecting writing quills, is a passage of Isidore, who died in the year 636, and who, among the instruments employed for writing, mentions reeds and feathers. Another proof of quills being used in the same century is a small poem on a writing-pen, to be

found in the works of Althelmus. This writer, descended of a noble family, was the first Saxon who wrote Latin, and who made the art of Latin poetry known to his countrymen, and inspired them with a taste for composition of that kind. He died in the year 709.

Men of letters, well versed in diplomatics, assure us, from comparing manuscripts, that writing-reeds were used along with quills in the 8th century, at least in France; and, that the latter first began to be common in the ninth. The papal acts, and those of synods, must however have been written with reeds much later. In convents they were retained for texts and initials, while for small writing, quills were every where employed.

Whatever may have been the cause, about the year 1433 writing-quills were so scarce at Venice, it was with great difficulty men of letters could procure them. We learn, at any rate, that the well-known Ambrosius Traversarius, a monk of Camaldule, sent from Venice to his brother, in the above year, a bunch of quills, together with a letter, in which he said, "They are not the best, but such as I received in a present. Shew the whole bunch to our friend Nicholas, that he may select a quill; for these articles are indeed scarcer in this city than at Florence." This Ambrosius complains, likewise, that at the same period, he had hardly any more ink, and requested that a small vessel filled with it might be sent to him. Other learned men complain also of the want of good ink, which they either would not or did not know how to make.

THE EMPRESS LIVIA.

AFFECTED ignorance, or wilful cecity, are species of finesse practised successfully in many cases of conjugal infidelity. Livia, (by Caligula; called, the Ulysses in woman's dress) when asked by what means she attained so much influence over Augustus, replied "My secret is very simple:—I always behaved prudently; I have studied to please him; and I have never been indiscreetly curious, neither about his private affairs, nor even his gallantries, of which I was contented to appear ignorant."

ON MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

Here love his golden shafts employs, here fights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels—

MILTON.

IT has often been wondered at, that so many people are unhappy in matrimony; let us endeavor to examine a little into the reasons of it. Reciprocal love is, perhaps, the first necessary expedient absolutely requisite to our felicity in that state; it covers a multitude of failings on either side, and enables us to dispense with the rest. Dissimulation in courtship is to be avoided; we should, with honor, appear in our proper characters; deceit is then inexcusable. Must we not pity the fair one, who, possessed of every requisite to happiness, marries a disguised brute: How often is her delicacy shocked by his behavior? Her heart, knowing no other love on earth but him, pleads in his favor, while her cooler reason and judgment prompt her to despise the man who dared to deceive her in so important a point; her only remedy, patience; her only refuge, her God. In each sex there are qualities essential to happiness, and those almost any person of common reflection is able to attain. A man should consider well how far it is in his power to contribute to the happiness of the more delicate sex; he must divest himself of each unruly passion; his ambition should be, to please the woman he has chosen for his friend; he must, in every thing, promote her ease; he must share with her his every joy, and with a delicate tenderness, let her partake also of his griefs; it is a mark of confidence due to her; it eases her mind of suspense, and gives her, as it were, a melancholy pleasure. The sex is by nature full of sensibility; the most humane man will sometimes hurt their minds without intending it, or even knowing it; how great then ought to be our continual tenderness, to atone for so many breaches of the law of delicacy? No happiness on earth can be so great, nor any friendship so tender, as the state of matrimony affords, when two congenial souls are united; the mental and personal love can never be separated; the man all truth, the woman all tenderness; he possessed of cheerful solidity, she of rational gaiety; acknowledging his superior judgment, she complies with all his reasonable desires: whilst he, charmed with such repeated instances of superior love, en-

deavors to suit his requests to her inclinations; his home is his heaven upon earth, and she his good genius, ever ready to receive him with open arms and a heart dilated with joy. How happy must such a mutual confidence make them!

All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss—

POPE.

What on earth, but the prospect of a virtuous progeny, can increase it? And if they have any tender pledges of their long continued mutual love, they may comfort themselves with the knowledge that their good example will go far beyond any precept they could give. Habituated to walk in the delectable path of virtue, (whose way is the way of pleasantness, leading to the temple of peace) to their children it will be as natural as their mother-tongue; happy parents! supremely happy offspring!

Before one of the fair sex engages in so solemn a state, she must divest herself of many things most young ladies are fond of; she must no longer endeavor to excite the love and adoration of the gay part of the other sex; her vanity must give place to her love, and her happiness must be centered in the object of it. She must look upon her husband as her best earthly friend; her confidence in him must be entire; his breast must be the cabinet, the repository of all her most secret thoughts; his love the key, ever ready to open it for her inspection.

A SPECTRE.

A SUPERSTITIOUS old lady, in the gay circle of high life, whose name, from particular motives, we cannot communicate, has lately been made the complete dupe of her own credulity. An officer in the navy had long paid his addresses to the lady's niece, whose fortune being greatly superior to his, the aunt treated the connection with contempt, and forbid him the house. Miss, having a tender regard for her lover, would not join in so severe a command, but actually held a private conference upon the subject; the event of which was, that they would act in con-

cert, and endeavor to attack the lady's blind side: as the party they had to deal with most firmly believed, and constantly supported the terrific idea of spectres, apparitions, and the marvellous, our lovers chose that principle for the point of action; consequently Miss caused the doors to be opened, and made various alarming noises, the whole of which she made her aunt conceive to be ominous of some dreadful event. Things being thus prepared, the lieutenant, a few nights after, furnished with phosphorus, a sheet, and other concomitants, assumed the appearance of the shade of the old lady's departed husband; on tapping gently at her chamber door he was admitted by the attendant, who, agreeably to her instructions, instantly fainted, and fell with terror; our ghost then drew towards the foot of the lady's bed, and in a tone of solemn dignity, informed her that he came from unknown regions to warn her of approaching death, which would take place in fourteen days; at the same time, if she valued the repose of her soul hereafter, she would not fail to unite her niece to the man she loved, to detest gold as the root of all evil, and to prepare for the fate that awaited her. Having done the business, he vanished, and left the victim of imposition in a situation of terror and dismay beyond expression. Immediately on her recovery, Miss was sent for, to whom she related, in the most pathetic manner, the dismal scene, pronouncing it a warning from heaven which she could not fail to take notice of; accordingly a solicitor was sent for, and her worldly affairs were settled much to the satisfaction of her niece, who, by the farther request of her aunt, was to lose no time in proceeding to the altar with the man of her affection, that the old lady might see the consummation before she departed this transitory life.—The couple consequently were married.

A young lady in the habit of putting on a great deal too much rouge with too little care and art, was lately boasting that she owed what little color she had to her custom of washing her face in cold water; but perceiving some little hesitation or astonishment in the company, she said to a gentleman, You don't seem to believe me.—Oh! madam, said he, I have not the least doubt, it is very clear you wash in the red sea.

AN AFFECTIONATE

LETTER FROM AN AUNT TO
HER NEICE,

*Reproving her for indulging in a habit of
RIDICULE, and pointing out the dif-
ferent Customs which prevail
amongst females in distant
and remote countries.*

My dearest Caroline,

IF the ties of consanguinity, and the force of nature, were not sufficiently strong to inspire my breast with tenderness, your many amiable qualities, and strong resemblance to a beloved sister, would certainly be the means of creating it: and I flatter myself you will do me the justice to believe, that nothing less than the sincerest friendship could induce me to commence a correspondence for the purpose of reprehending your conduct.

Much as I have seen to admire in your character, there is one thing, my Caroline, I cannot but condemn; and I lament that a disposition so naturally amiable should be capable of deriving gratification from the embarrassment of a fellow-creature!

The unoffending object who inspired your ridicule, had various claims upon your attention and politeness; and, I confess, I was hurt, that, in your father's house, you could so totally forget the duties of hospitality. Your companion's conduct did not surprise me, for her intellects are too shallow for it to have been expected that she would not have felt astonished at the grotesque appearance the young Armenian made; as I doubt whether she is sufficiently informed, to know that, in different countries different customs prevail; and that what is considered as a beauty in one, is thought a great deformity in another. But that you, who have enjoyed the advantages of a good education, should have been capable of turning a stranger into ridicule, merely because her dress and appearance differed from your own, was a circumstance that disgraced your politeness, and mortified my feelings.

Dress and ornament is so much a matter of prejudice and opinion, that every country has its different taste. The ladies in Japan gild their teeth,

and those of the Indies paint them red; whilst in Guzurat, and some parts of America, they are only admired when a perfect black. The Greenland women dye their faces, and the Muscovites plaster their's with the coarsest and most common paint. A diminutive foot is the standard of beauty among the Chinese, and, to obtain it, female children are destined to pass their infancy in pain and torture. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was thought so striking an indication of merit, that, if any contest arose about the election of a monarch, it was always decided in favor of the Prince so gifted. Again, in different countries that feature is forced flat to the face the moment the unfortunate babe sees light; and in others, the head is pressed between two boards for the purpose of giving it a square appearance. The modern Persians have an unconquerable aversion to red hair, whilst the Turks consider it as the greatest ornament. The Indian beauty besmears her person thickly over with bear's fat; and the Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover warm entrails and reeking tripe, with which she adorns herself instead of silks and flowers. In China, small eyes are certain of obtaining general admiration, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows for the purpose of making them small and long. The Turks give their nails a rose-colored hue, and dye their eye-brows with a black drug.

An ornament for the nose which to us appears disgusting, the Peruvians consider both honorable and becoming; and proportion the weight of the ring which is passed through it to the rank and fortune of their different husbands.

The ladies in many parts of China adorn their heads with the figure of a bird, composed of either gold or copper, according to the consequence of the person who wears it. The wings are spread out, and fall over the front of the head, so as entirely to conceal the temples; and the tail is long, and completely expanded, so as to form a tuft of feathers.

From this sketch of the fashions of different nations, you will naturally allow that the young lady, who excited your ridicule, was much less extraordinary in her dress and appearance than might have been expected from so remote a guest; and I trust when you

next have an opportunity of seeing her, you will endeavor to apologize for the rudeness of your behavior.

First impressions are generally permanent, my dear Caroline; and as it certainly is desirable to obtain the good opinion of those whom circumstances or connection introduces into our society, it is necessary, upon your introduction into life, that you should endeavor to conciliate the regard of those with whom hereafter you may become in greater intimacy.

Should the censure I have ventured to pass upon your conduct, my dearest niece, offend your pride, or wound your delicacy, I should really feel both hurt and mortified; but I have too good an opinion of the sweetness of your temper, and the strength of your understanding, to fear it should produce any such effects; and flatter myself it will be the means of correcting the only imperfection I have been able to discover in your character.

Adieu, my beloved girl! Offer my affectionate remembrance to your amiable father; and assure yourself that I am your unalterable friend,

SOPHIA DESMOND.

DANCING.

In a handbill of Mr. Christopher Towle's, dancing-master of Oxford, (Eng.) dated 1783, that eccentric though rather illiterate Artist, speaks thus in commendation of Dancing.—

NO Man can be well prepared in any sort of genteel Trades, Professions, Sciances, Employments, Servitudes, Music, the Army, or Navy, unless they can dance exceeding well; Dancing will make a Man Stand and Walk, and Look, and Speak well; to be Courteous, and Civil, Obliging, and Complaisant, and Genteel, and of a fine forgiving merciful disposition; which also will be soon attained with all Persons who learn to Dance very well, I have known and heard of Persons who as been good Dancers, to advance themselves from a Quirister to a Bishop, from a Private Man to a General, from a Cabin boy to an Admiral, from a Lawyer-Clerk to a Coun-

sellor, and from that to a Judge, from a Clerk to a Merchant, to be a Merchant himself; and ten Thousand Circumstances of the same kind might be Innumrated, &c. &c. Dancing gives a Person a easy Looking and Speaking, to his Superiors and Inferiors, it takes off those slow and Effeminately Proud deluding Look that some of the Sectary make use of, to a most abominable and reached disgraceful degree, and quite despicable to every honest Man, whilst the good natured Dancer, &c. Behaves with the very strictest part of Modesty, and a easy Obliging Behavior to all and all sorts of People of all denominations; if I was to Enumerate the great use that Dancing is of to Women in all Sorts of Trades and Employments, and all sorts of Services, in all respects beginning with one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen, and go through all Sorts and degrees of Quality and Gentry, &c. &c. and Trades, &c. it would be a very great Task, &c. in short Dancing is the very greatest support to Trades and Manufactures of all Sorts, and Professions of every kind that can be mention'd, and all those Sort of Persons who has any thing to say against Dancing are enemies to the whole community, &c. all Free-Schools, Charity-Schools, and persons who desire to promote Improvements for either Boys or Girls, should leave a very good Salary for a Dancing-Master to Instru& Children for ever, &c. this I recommend to all the whole Community of all Nations, Kingdoms, and all the Inhabitants upon the Face of the whole Earth, Signed by me

CHRISTOPHER TOWLE,

THE ABSURDITY OF MANKIND.

By Bernardin De St. Pierre,

ALAS! blessings have been given us in common, and we communicate to each other only the ills of life. Man is every where complaining of the want of land, and the globe is covered with deserts. Man alone is exposed to famine, while the animal creation, down to its insects, are wallowing in plenty. Almost every where he is the slave of his equal, while the feeblest of animals maintain their liberty against the strongest. Nature, who designed him for love, denied him arms, and he has forged them for himself, to combat his

fellow. She presents to all her children, asylums, and festivals; and the avenues of our cities announce our approach only by the sad spectacle of wheels and gibbets. The history of Nature exhibits blessings only: that of man, nothing but robbery and madness. His heroes are the persons who have rendered themselves the most tremendous. Every where he despises the hand which spins the garment that clothes him, and which cultivates for him the fertile bosom of the earth. Every where he esteems his deceiver, and reveres his oppressor. Always dissatisfied with the present, he alone, of all being, regrets the past, and trembles at the thought of futurity.

[From a French publication]

METHOD

OF TEMPERING EDGE-TOOLS OF TOO BRITTLE A QUALITY.

HAVING bought a neat knife, and paid handsomely for it, I found that whenever I attempted to cut wood, or any hard substance, the edge broke. This accident, often repeated, soon made a saw of my blade.—I complained to the cutler, who very seriously told me, that it was a sure sign of the goodness of my knife.—He finished by sharpening it, and received his sixpence. This grinding happened so frequently, as to become more tedious than costly; and my patience was nearly exhausted, when an itinerant scissors-grinder gave me an effectual receipt.—To plunge the blade up to the handle in boiling fat for 2 hours, and then, taking it out, to let it cool gradually. I followed his directions: and my knife cuts the hardest wood, ebony, box; even bone its edge now resists."

LINNEÆUS' PREFACE TO HIS SYSTEM OF NATURE.

MAN, when he enters the world, is naturally led to enquire who he is? whence he comes? whither he is going? for what purpose he is created? and by whose benevolence he is preserved? He finds himself descended from the remotest creation; journeying to a life of perfection and happiness; and

led by his endowments to a contemplation of the Works of Nature.

Like other animals, who enjoy life, sensation and perception; who seek for food, amusements and rest, and prepare habitations convenient for their kind, he is curious and inquisitive; but above all other animals he is noble in his nature, in as much, as by the powers of his mind, he is able to reason justly, upon whatever discovers itself to his senses; and to look, with reverence and wonder, upon the works of Him, who created all things. That existence is surely contemptible, which regards only the gratification of instinctive wants, and the preservation of a body made to perish. It is therefore the business of a thinking being, to look forward to the purposes of all things; and to remember that the end of creation is, that God may be glorified in all his works. Hence it is of importance that we should study the works of Nature, than which what can be more useful? what more interesting? For however large a portion of them lies open to our present view, a still greater part is yet unknown and undiscovered.

All things are not within reach of human capacity. Many have been made known to us, of which, those who went before us were ignorant, many we have heard of, but know not what they are; and many must remain for the diligence of future ages.

It is the exclusive property of man to contemplate and to reason on the great book of Nature. She gradually unfolds herself to him, who, with diligence and perseverance, will search into her mysteries; and when the memory of present and past generations shall be entirely obliterated, he shall enjoy the high privilege, of living in the minds of his successors; as he has been advanced in the dignity of his nature, by the labors of those who went before him.

Asa was the first man who ever had the gout, and the consequence of his manner of treating it is thus related in the first book of Kings. "Now Asa, the king, was diseased in his feet, but instead of applying to the Lord, he applied unto the physicians, therefore the Lord slew him."

CALAMITY AT MADEIRA.

Written by an eye-witness.

THIS extraordinary event, happened on Sunday the ninth of October, at eight o'clock in the evening. The day had been previously very cloudy and a continual rain had fallen, accompanied with squalls, which were not violent, until the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, when the sea appeared to be unusually agitated, and such a darkness prevailed, that an object was not discernible at a yard's distance—during this progress, every person remained within their houses, in seeming security, and wholly unconscious of that approaching horror which was destined so shortly to sweep them from off the earth!

The clock of the cathedral was striking eight, when an instantaneous storm of terrible lightning and thunder began, and the rain fell in such torrents that all the cross streets of the eastern part of the city of Funchall, were suddenly filled with mud and water above the first floors of the houses, which was occasioned by its being impeded, in some measure, from its furious descent from the ravines of the mountains into the sea. At this shocking period the stoutest heart felt appalled; nothing was to be heard but the din of ruin working in every direction; hundreds of huge stones, that had been torn from their quarries on the hills three miles above the town, were tumbling over each other in stupendous concussion, carrying with them, in conjunction with the deluge, churches, convent, streets, trees, bridges, battlements, and eight hundred human beings into the bottom of the deep. Whenever a flash of lightning penetrated the gloom, there were seen mothers wading through the streets, up to their chins in water, holding their infants on their heads with one hand, and endeavoring to catch security with the other; while those who attempted to assist them, were frequently maimed or killed, by the beams of timber or wine pipes which floated around them; and the sea, presented a scene not less awful, though less ruinous: most of the vessels lost their cables, anchors, and boats, and many of the seamen were washed overboard. The ships rolled, in some part or another several feet beneath the water continually, and all the sailors who were there on that dismal night, whether Americans, English, or

Portuguese, gave themselves up as lost men.

Thus, in so short a space of time as a few minutes, were many hundred individuals carried to their eternal home, in the very plenitude of an apparent security; and several thousands reduced from affluence to poverty: and many of them, it is probable, in the indulgence of those imperfections, which constitute our criminality or our folly, and sent to their account, "unblanched, unanointed, unannealed."

Ten thousand pipes of wine and brandy were destroyed, and the sea-shore was skirted on the ensuing morning with millions of fragments, among which the mourning survivors of the calamity were eagerly seeking for the dead remains of their relations or friends. Several days after, the air of Funchall became so putrescent, from the rotting of the bodies that were buried beneath the congregated mud and filth, that a pestilence was apprehended: but in consequence of burning tar and pitch and other neutralizing combustibles, that scourge was providentially avoided.

It was remarkable that this deluge, in its course, swept away twenty-nine vineyards that were situated on the south west side of the city; and so decisive was the ruin, that it tore up all the trees by the roots, and bore away not only them, but all the cottages, with their inhabitants, the ground, cattle and appurtenances, and left the rocky basis, as bare of vegetation as the cliffs of Norway.—All this assemblage of objects, were whirled in the *Ribeira Brava*, or mad river, and ingulphed nearly the whole of the small town which bears that name.

In this wreck of matter, there was but one human creature saved, and that was an infant in a wooden cradle, which was lodged among some reeds on the side of the declivity, and when discovered, on the ensuing day, was in a profound sleep:—This unconscious infant was saved from its ignorance of fear, as it is in the nature of fear, to counteract its own desires.

All the vessels that arrived at Funchall, for several weeks after this miserable occurrence, gave an account of the dead bodies, casks and boxes which they had seen floating many leagues off

at sea; and it is believed that some of the crews were considerably enriched by the contents of many of the trunks.

The small town of Machico, has likewise been ruined by this singular tempest, and many lives were lost there also; which leads to a supposition that, the lamented event was occasioned by a water-spout, that had burst against the side of the mountain, and discharging itself adown the gullies, produced those afflictive and sudden disasters, that all feeling persons, must deplore: and which, whenever recollected, should operate to remind us of our frailty and responsibility, and make us live well, that we may die happily.

This is admitted to have been the greatest civic evil, that has happened since the earthquake of Lisbon in 1754, and was the most tragical, of its nature, that ever happened. Had the younger Pliny been on the spot, it would have been adequately detailed.

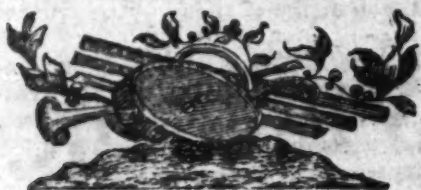
The property destroyed has been estimated at upwards of a million of pounds sterling.

[The following is an extract of a letter from a person at Madeira, communicated to the editors of the New-York Gazette]

"The electrical matter must have accumulated to an amazing quantity, as on Monday night following, at about 9 o'clock, a pillar of bright flame rose from the middle of the island to an amazing height, and the breadth of a rainbow, having a separation in the middle; this phenomenon continued nearly an hour, and then vanished.

In the Dublin theatre it is the custom of the Irish gods to express their dislike or approbation of any person or performance by calling for a *groan* or a *clap*. Whilst the Union was in agitation, and the ex-minister very unpopular, *Blue Beard* happened to be represented, when after the celebrated duet of "Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat," &c. a fellow in the gallery roared out—"Come now, my honeys! a *groan* for PITT, and a *clap* for PAT."

THE VISITOR.



FILIAL LOVE.

A BALLAD.

REMOTE from town, in humble cot,
A widow'd matron dwelt;
Each sylvan beauty grac'd the spot,
And sweet content she felt.

Save when alone she ponder'd o'er
The horrid scenes of war;
Save when her husband stain'd with gore,
In mem'ry's glass she saw.

For he a soldier was and brave,
His breast felt martial fire;
But savage carnage none will save,
Nor till o'er-gorg'd retire.

To storm a fort his duty led,
The contest was severe;
Foremost he climb'd—he fought—he bled,
And laurels grac'd his bier.

Thus fall our youths in glory's cause—
Ah! glory leads to woe!
Why does not mad Ambition pause,
Ere blood he bids to flow?

Why pityless does he destroy
Fair Nature's blooming face?
Why blast a thousand parent's joy,
By murd'ring of their race?

These pensive thoughts, from pity's font,
Forc'd chrysal tears to flow;
But free her lot from griping want,
She knew no lasting woe.

Thus from o'er-shadowing clouds on high
Oft pours the genial show'r;
Till Sol anon illumines the sky,
And joys the passing hour.

One daughter was her age's pride,
A duteous lovely maid;
For grandeur's state she never sigh'd,
Nor envied its parade.

The gaudy dress that others prize,
Devoid of charms she saw;
And thoughtless pleasure to her eyes,
Oft broke strict virtue's law.

Yet not unconscious was her mind,
To recreation true;
In rural walk, or dance she join'd,
With a selected few.

Each act her native sense display'd
And gain'd of all esteem;
To aged friends she reverence paid,
And was their fondest theme.

No showy gifts did she possess,
No fine endowments rare;
Her skilful choice would e'er suppress
Accomplishments that glare.

So lowly, yet so sweet is seen,
The fair enamell'd field;
So flows the noiseless brook serene,
Which tranquil pleasures yield.

The richest peasants vainly strove
Fair Emma's heart to gain;
But none excited tender love,
Nor gave her bosom pain.

To duty wedded nought could change
Her calm unwav'ring mind;
Or soft persuasive praise derange
A system so refin'd.

Oft in those hours to friendship dear,
When all alone they stray'd;
Would she impart her thoughts sincere,
And thus reveal'd the maid:

Could I so kind a parent leave,
Enfeebled thus with age,
Her breast with anxious cares would heave,
That no one could assuage.

My helpless years she nurs'd with care,
To her, and Heav'n, I owe
Deep gratitude for prospects fair,
And health's warm-tinted glow.

Do we not view yon aged tree,
With ivy boughs entwin'd?
So firm shall my affections be,
So strongly fix'd my mind.

While life's dull embers can be fann'd,
A little warmth t' impart,
Be mine the task with pious hand,
To soothe her aged heart.

To love's soft tale I'll not attend,
'Twould hap'ly wound my breast;
I love my mother dear, and friend,
And am by them carest.

Thus spoke the maid in friendship's ear,
And friendship smil'd assent;
And thus she lives each circling year,
With single life content.

Oh! filial love, how sweet thy pow'r!
How permanent thy joy!
All other passions give each hour
A portion of alloy.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe,
elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the addi-
tional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert
and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums,
Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment
of Music for different instruments by the most favorite
composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—
A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our
Sachem, long may he live."
Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new
Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most
fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and
Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks,
Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-
baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on
the lowest terms.



N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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